THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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SECTION THREE

# TATTLINGS OF A RETIRED POLITICIAN.

Author of "The Country Boy."

## HOW THE DEAR PEOPLE FORGET.

By Forrest Crissey.

DEAR NED: You seem to feel that the bill you have put through has given you a mechanic's lien for life on the franchises of your constituents. Perhaps it has. But let me tell you this: A boy who has played hookey and wound up with a secret raid on the jam closet is a novice in the gentle art of forgetting, compared with the average constituency. Any ordinary bunch of voters can forget to remember more things than a village money lender can remember to forget when making up a schedule of personal property for the tax assessor. The affections of a frisky girl in her first year of boarding school life are sermons in constancy alongside the fluctuations which are recorded at the ballot box.

Of course, the fellows who are pushing for the appropriation which you landed have told you that the passage of your bill would make you eternally solid with the horny-handed voters in your district; that so long as grass continued to grow and water to run in the old Eighth you could just say "thumbs up" and the votes would be yours. Then they pounded you on the back, gave you a stag dinner and presented you with a gold watch engraved with sentiments from your "grateful constituents." I've had several of these and my experience is that they'll run longer without cleaning than most constituencies will without a change of heart.

This cow country out here hasn't any more than its share of quitters, but a little incident just occurred over at Pinhole that sheds light on the subject of the amount of faith a man is warranted in placing on the political constancy of a constituency to which he has given the one thing that is desired above all others. Now Pinhole isn't strong on the traditional means of grace: it's short on churches; the W. C. T. U. and Y. M. C. A., and other alphabetical agencies of civilization haven't been able to cut a very wide swath there. But for all that there is a good deal doing in Pinhole right along, and the people have been accustomed to point with pride to the fact that its bars, faro banks and other local institutions are the best in the state, and never turn away the enterprising patron at any hour of day or night.

At the last session of the legislature, however, there was a tidal wave of moral sentiment that made the boys hold their ears to the rails and listen. A good many of them concluded that the "water wagon" was coming in earnest, and they couldn't see much difference between a blue ribbon and a ballot. The W. C. T. U. forces certainly did make a powerful showing and for a while it looked as if some mighty restrictive legislation would go through. That was the time when Big Mike, the member from Pinhole, took off his coat and began to saw wood. He knew that his town would look like a Sunday school after that kind of legislation had begun to get in its saving work. A big delegation of business men came on from Pinhole to make a showing. They were sure scared and begged Mike to turn back the enemy at any cost. He buckled right down to business, sacrificed everything else and traded right and left for anything that would cut into the votes of the reform party. And he was a shrewd trader, too!

If the missionaries who have gone to spread the Gospel had worked half as hard as Big Mike, there wouldn't be an unconverted heathen on the earth. If he had sworn not to eat or sleep until he had killed that bill, he couldn't have hustled harder. Day and night he was out on the rampage, cutting out a member from the reform bunch at every possible opportunity and putting the Pinhole brand on him.

When the final roundup came he had picked up enough strays, by hard riding, to defeat the day. Judging by the noise the Pinhole delegation made over him, you would have expected to see Big Mike sent to congress. They loomed the underpinning of the capitol building and painted the town until it looked like a horse show poster. And the whole thing was done over again when Mike made his triumphal return to his own town. All the brass bands in the country were there, and the blowout that was had in his honor went down in history.

A few months later a young stranger with a baritone speaking voice, a smile that made the dogs wag their tails and a string of good stories, struck the town and opened a law office. When the municipal election came around the opposition ticket nominated him for mayor. Then the "business element" waited on Big Mike and asked him to run in order to "save the day." They assured him that he was the one man who could snuff out the young invader without batting an eye. Of course being mayor of Pinhole looked like small potatoes to a man who held the center of the stage through a whole legislative session and who had his eye on a seat in the state senate. But the boys begged him to make the sacrifice and urged that the mere use of his name would put the other man out of the running. Finally he yielded. The music which had celebrated his triumphal return was still sounding in his ears and he looked upon the whole municipal campaign as a matter of form. In fact, he didn't consider it necessary even to remind the people that he had given them the one thing they wanted! They could never forget that! So he just kept on handing out hardware to his customers while the young lawyer worked his smile and his stories from one end of the street to the other.

Somehow, before anybody particularly realized it, there was a sort of general inquiry as to whether Big Mike ever would be able to satisfy his appetite for office. Even one or two of the men who had been in the Pinhole delegation that went up to the capitol, during the session, for the purpose of holding up Big Mike's hands and giving him moral support, were heard to insinuate that the political leader of the business element so hated to see an office get past him that he'd be running for justice of the peace or constable next, rather than have some other fellow fill the place.

Then the women and the dudes of Pinhole society began to whisper that it would be real nice to have a mayor who didn't spit on his shirt bosom and who used at least three handkerchiefs in a week.

Well, before the polls opened you could walk from one end of the street to the other without hearing a solitary word on the subject of how Big Mike had stampeded a whole legislature and saved Pinhole from being crushed under the wheels of the water wagon bill. But every time you listened in at a little political talk you were dead sure to hear how many spots were once counted on Big Mike's shirt bosom and how tiresome a thing it is to see a man make a political glutton of himself.

Big Mike didn't hear very much of this talk and he simply snorted with complaisant content at the stray fragments of it that did reach his ears. He allowed that a man could wear a shirt front of solid plug fringed with fine cut if he could only give his constituents their heart's desire, and give it to 'em quick—when they called for it. The people, he said, knew all about him, and he knew the people of Pinhole so well that he didn't have to get out and run a campaign with a dude on a shirt-front issue. A bear on a floor sanded with carpet tacks would be a calm and peaceful object compared with Big Mike when the ballots were counted that night and the election of the smooth young lawyer announced.

Mike plowed up both sides of the street in his wrath, sold out his business and moved into another frontier town, in an adjoining district, which had been as much benefited by his work in the legislature as had Pinhole. Then he started in for a long campaign. He is working at it now, day and night, and you may depend upon it that he will be back again in the legislature with a long knife out for any legislation that the Pinhole district may want. He says that he is now a reformer—and that the first thing he proposes to reform is the memory of his dear friends, the people of Pinhole.

All this, I admit, is rather discouraging to a man who has put up really a great fight for a good measure that ought to entitle him to an eternal mortgage on the support of his district for anything he may choose to ask. However, there may be a sneaking streak of satisfaction to some fellows in the fact that a constituency is about as quick to forget his sins and blunders as his triumphs of statesmanship in their behalf. Perhaps you have forgotten the episode of "Gum-shoe Smith" in the session when you were laid off. Let me jog your memory. Gum-shoe represented one of the river districts. Although he had a whole lot of farmers in his bailiwick he was out for any substantial assets he could fasten onto without making too much noise about it. And what's more, he didn't hold himself at a cheap price, either. He always stuck for something worth while and if he did not get it he was a bad man to deal with. He had the courage of his moral convictions and showed a daredevil nerve when any of the corporate interests tried to throw him.

One of the biggest franchise bills that came up during the session was engineered by a transplanted New England Yankee who hated to see a cent slip through his fingers. This made Gum-shoe mad and he fixed a price on his support that threw the Yankee into the cramps. They dickered and haggled up to the last minute before the bill was to come up for third reading, but Gum-shoe wouldn't budge an inch or discount his price a dollar.

At the last ragged minute before roll call that Yankee, who was hid away in one of the committee rooms, turned to a young fellow from his own town, whom he had put on the payroll, and handed him a long envelope containing $5,000, with the remark: "Just hustle into the house and quietly hand this to Mr. Smith. It contains some papers he wants to use right away."

The young fellow was as green as a June pasture, so far as his knowledge of inside legislation was concerned, and besides that he didn't have any more than his share of brains anyway. He slipped into the house and asked the doorkeeper: "Where is Mr. Smith?"

"Right down the aisle there," answered the doorkeeper, pointing. "Standing with his hand on his own desk."

The young fellow slipped quietly down the aisle and laid the envelope on the desk indicated. Before the roll call actually began Gum-shoe slipped out of the door and began to look anxiously about. In a moment he found what he was looking for, and he and the Yankee held about two minutes of mighty animated conversation. Then the young man who had been sent with the envelope came up. The Yankee grabbed him by the arm and asked, in an undertone:

"You gave those papers to Smith, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered the young man in a scared voice.

Then Gum-shoe turned on the little fellow and said:

"You're a liar! You never gave it to me; you've salted it down in your own pocket, you little thief."

"You?" was the astonished response. "Of course I did not give it to you. I gave it to Mr. Smith, that grizzle-headed little old man with the whiskers on the right hand of the center aisle, third seat down."

In one second Gum-shoe made a rush for the meek little old farmer from the southern end of the state, who hadn't said a word during the whole session excepting to answer on roll call. About half of the members hadn't discovered that his name was Smith—and those who had distinguished between him and the other Smith by giving him his right surname, while they always spoke of the main Smith as "Gum-shoe." This was how the doorkeeper happened to send the innocent young man to Farmer Smith instead of Gum-shoe from the river district.

With a fierce grip on the old farmer's shoulder Gum-shoe blurted out:

"Here, you old pious sneak thief! Just fork over the stuff right quick or I'll smash every bone in your body."

With a shaking hand the scared farmer made a dive into his inside pocket, pulled out the long envelope and handed it over. When Gum-shoe saw that it had been opened he gave a nasty laugh and said:

"If you ever peep on this I'll teach you that there's such a thing as honor among thieves."

On the roll call Gum Shoe voted for the bill, and voted hard. As several of the members sitting near had heard snatches of the conversation, an inkling of the story leaked out and got into the newspapers. Of course Farmer Smith put up the defense that he wasn't going to keep the money.

Some believed this and some didn't. Anyhow both of the men were roasted to a crisp in the newspapers and anyone would have concluded that neither of the Smiths would ever dare to run for pathmaster. But the records show that they were both back again in the house inside of four years, and Gum-shoe, as you probably remember, was later sent up to the senate.

And so, Ned, you will see why I don't put quite as much confidence in the memory or the constancy of the ordinary constituency as you letter led me to think you do. The average American king can forget benefactions and forget crimes about as nimbly as any other kind of a king. My advice is: Don't scrimp your next campaign fund because you have turned a good trick for your people; get hold of some new issue and convince them that you're the only man that can get something for them that they want as much as they did the thing you have already landed.

Yours ever, WILLIAM BRADLEY.

# SWITZERLAND'S POLITICAL LIFE.



Clarence S. Darrow

Geneva, Oct. 31, 1903.

SWITZERLAND has for years had a political importance out of all proportion to her size and wealth. In fact, her political importance has come from her lack of size and wealth. This little republic, made up of mountain ranges, is the freest and most democratic nation on the earth. Switzerland has gone forward and accomplished many of the things that other people have talked of doing, and especially to America her system of government and her institutions have the deepest meaning.

In Switzerland more than in any other civilized land the people really rule. They make and execute their own laws, and do their business for themselves. The present position of this republic has come by slow growth through many years and after all sorts of effort; but it is safe to say that today her laws and institutions furnish all the possibilities of the true republic of which the world has ever dreamed.

Up to the middle of the thirteenth century, the twenty-two separate cantons or states which now make up Switzerland were ruled by different countries and princes, and had not even commenced to form a Swiss republic. In fact, the name Switzerland was not known until that date. True, some of these cantons had for years maintained a precarious, often interrupted, independence, and the germ of her present democratic institutions goes much farther back. In fact, it reaches back to the origin of English and American freedom, the early Germans, whose people then and now make up much the largest part of the republic.

About the middle of the thirteenth century three obscure mountain cantons united for self-defense and to regain their rights of common pasturage and common forest, which the ruling families had appropriated for themselves. These three cantons adopted as their motto, "Each for all and all for each," the emblem which still stands as the national sentiment of the republic. It was more than 500 years before all the Swiss cantons joined the confederation and had won by their bravery and long centuries of warfare the right to an independent place on the map of the world. From time to time during this period different nations took possession of a portion, and sometimes all, the territory, but still the confederation gradually grew in size and strength up to the time when Napoleon fixed the map of Europe day after day to suit his whim. For some reason not quite clear the emperor saw fit to help the Swiss people to strengthen their confederation, but although constant progress was made toward Swiss unity from that time, it was not until about 1848 that all the cantons fully joined in a national confederation which gave them an unbroken front to the world outside.

It is the political life and institutions of Switzerland since 1848 that are of most interest and importance to the student, and especially to the student who still retains some of the dreams and aspirations for a land which rules itself.

Many things no doubt conspired to bring about the Swiss federation and to give this republic a democratic government so far in advance of all the world. Her great mountains and sterile soil doubtless first of all. Next to this, her position on the map of Europe, surrounded by greater powers, each jealous of the possession of such an inaccessible fortress by the other, helped this result. Then, too, for many years Switzerland was the home of a large number of intellectual men and women, whose luster no doubt influenced and liberalized the whole land. Here lived Jean Jacques Rousseau, and here he wrote his great work, "The Social Contract," which perhaps more than any other one book was the Bible of the French revolution. Here, too, toward the end of the last century, Voltaire came to spend his declining years; and at once created that intellectual atmosphere which ever followed the footsteps of Voltaire. Mme. de Stael, too, was banished to Geneva by Napoleon, and again opened the court which had before been the most brilliant of France and the center of the revolution. Gibbon came to Switzerland to write "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and with him came many other brilliant Englishmen who in that stirring age were devoted to the rights of man.

After the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo the allied rulers of Europe met at Vienna to take account of stock and divide as best they could what Napoleon had left. At this meeting it was finally agreed that Switzerland should be left to form an independent government, and should always be a neutral land. This agreement has been kept inviolate ever since, though more than once some strong ruler has cast lustful eyes upon this little republic, and would doubtless have taken it had he dared.

Even before the Swiss constitution was adopted and her confederation made complete, her various cantons had commenced the movement for the initiative and referendum—the hope and aspiration of the real democrats and the despair of the boodlers and politicians of the world.

The primitive mountain cantons from the earliest times had called together all their people every year to elect their officers and make their laws. This was done in a large field under the blue sky. In the early part of the day all the people would gather and march together to the field. Religious exercises preceded the election of officers and the making of the laws. These officials were chosen for one year only, and everything was subject to review at the coming election. The whole meeting partook of the nature of a religious ceremonial, so exalted was the idea of these simple people of the functions of the state. Even today, in more cosmopolitan cantons, where election is by ballot, the election is always held on Sunday and in the church, to emphasize as far as possible the sacred character of the work that they perform. All of this reminds me very much of our elections—it is so different.

The Swiss constitution provides that every law of a general nature which is passed by the legislature shall remain in abeyance for ninety days after its passage, and then, on a petition of about one in a hundred of the voters, or of a certain number of cantons, it shall be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection. Each one of the twenty-two cantons likewise provides for the referendum upon all its laws. It is thus impossible for any act to become a law without the practical assent of the Swiss people, and every voter of the republic has the right to cast his vote to veto any act of the assembly. It would seem as though a provision as democratic and as just as this could become the law of every state in America, and yet the strength of the boodler and the politician is so great with us that even the expressed will of the voters in overwhelming numbers fails to place this power in the people's hands.

But, not only have the Swiss people the right to veto legislation; they have the right to enact it, too. A petition signed by a very small fraction of the voters makes it obligatory to submit any proposed statute to the people for their approval or rejection. Thus the humblest Swiss shepherd tending his flock on the summit of the mountain can make, veto or remake laws. For the humblest peasant is a member of the real Swiss parliament, which is a true democracy in which each has an equal voice. The same provision as to making and changing laws applies to the constitution of the republic and the cantons; these may be altered or amended in whole or in part at any time that the people shall elect. So far as the constitution is concerned, there is only one thing better, and that is to have no constitution, as in England, for all constitutions are an impediment to growth; the will of the people should be supreme. Constitutions are never strong enough to protect the weak, but they are always great stumbling blocks in accomplishing any progress in law and government.

America is so fettered by constitution, state and federal, that change is well nigh impossible, and vested rights, or, rather, vested wrongs, only laugh at the futile efforts of the people to change institutions and laws.

Seven of the Swiss cantons have adopted another system more democratic still. This is "proportional representation." This is not to be confounded with minority representation, the latter a system whereby politicians can choose all the members and the people have nothing to do but ratify their choice. Under proportional representation each party may nominate its candidate and cast its votes, and when the result is determined each party in the canton is entitled to representation in proportion to the votes it cast. In this way the party must be very weak that has no representation in the assembly. As the first canton only adopted this method ten years ago, and now seven have come in line, it is safe to predict that it will not be many years when this system will be universal in the republic.

The results of all this may strike different people in different ways. Of course, if one does not believe in the people, he will not believe in the system. Americans profess to believe in the people, but make it out of the question for the people to have anything to do with government except to ratify the action of the caucus and submit to the corruptionist and the knave.

But whether the people should be trusted or not, some of the results of this system can be seen. Switzerland today owns its telegraph and telephone system. In 1898 the government submitted to the people the question of taking the railroads, and this proposition was adopted by over 200,000, or more than two to one. Since that time about half of the roads have either been acquired or are operated by the government, and the acquisition is rapidly going on. It will be but a few years until every railroad in Switzerland is owned by the people. These roads, although constructed in the most difficult land in Europe, are remarkably well managed, and are already bringing in a revenue to the government. Since the acquisition of the railroads by the state there has been a consistent reduction in service charge, and more progress in construction than before.

Most all of the municipalities own their street cars, gas works and waterworks, and the city of Geneva has utilized the great rush of water from the lake into the Rhone, by erecting a great water power plant, from which they run their public utilities, and sell power to factories and individuals at a very low rate, which is one great factor in the industrial prosperity of Geneva.

In addition to all this the Swiss from the earliest times have maintained the right of the commune to a large part of the land. They own their common pasturage, their common woodlands and meadows, and a simple extension of this principle which they have so long and valiantly maintained will make the Swiss people the owners of all their land.

The constitution of Switzerland is written in the broadest spirit. Doubtless not perfect, it contains some restrictive measures that ought to be outside the province of government, certainly not a part of a constitution. But the fundamental rights of the people are carefully guarded, and civil and religious liberty broadly guaranteed. I read the constitution one evening and found a provision prohibiting gambling of all sorts. After supper I went over to the chief amusement place of the town, and there I saw gambling carried on openly and without restraint. This shows that the Swiss are not bigoted about their constitution. When I saw the crowds around the wheel of fortune, and remembered the provision of the constitution, I felt very much at home. I imagined that I was back in the Illinois legislature again. Still, constitutions are like New Year's resolutions. They are adopted when men feel virtuous, but never much stand in the way of anything they really want to do.

But, more than anything else, Switzerland has stood for years as the asylum of the oppressed and the persecuted of all lands. Since the European agreement, in 1815, this little territory has been carved out of the map of Europe, and kept as neutral ground. However fierce the battles that may rage around Switzerland, when the boulders of this republic are reached the soldiers must lay down their arms. For a hundred years the defeated soldiers, the political outcasts and the weary exiles of all Europe have fled to Switzerland, with the same feeling of the hunted Jewish fugitive of olden times, who fled to the temple and grasped the horns of the altar, and found safety in its shelter.

Over and over again some European ruler has proclaimed that this neutrality must be broken, so that he might spread his net over the mountains and valleys, and pursue his prey into its lonely hiding place. But against all sorts of threats and importunities; against all those brief, transitory frenzies that drive men and nations into panic, this little republic has stood by its principles and maintained its harbor of refuge for all the world.

The schools and universities of Switzerland have long been famed as the finest in the world. This is partly true, because of the despised scholars of the world, who have fled to Switzerland to save their lives. Here they have established schools, and here have come the families and subjects of European tyrants to learn wisdom at the feet of the despised fugitives driven from their shores.

It would be out of the question to catalogue the great men who have fled to this mountain republic to save their lives, but the victims of every government on earth have brought their feeling and inspiration and learning to Switzerland, in payment for the protection of her friendly outstretched arms.

The soil of the little republic was fairly invaded by the best blood of Germany in 1848, and amongst these were Mommsen, the great historian; Kochly, the great scholar; Liebknecht, the German statesman, and Wagner, the composer. Of course there are many people who do not know that music can be revolutionary, but it may be, and, in fact, it always is, when its symphonies are so high that the ordinary mortal cannot feel their harmony; to these this harmony is discord, for it speaks of something far beyond and above the comprehension of their little souls. Not less than 10,000 fugitives of the revolution of 1848 fled here from the duchy of Baden.

In 1853 Austria turned out 6,000 Swiss, charged with political offenses, and six years later Switzerland received into its haven the Austrians driven from Italy.

The Franco-German war found Switzerland receiving German and French fugitives alike, protecting both, feeding both, and giving to the world a practical lesson of that beneficence and humanity of a neutral, non-combatant land. Switzerland at one time has received as many as 85,000 fugitives from pursuing armies.

Bazzini, the Italian liberator, fled to Switzerland, and was protected here at no little expense and risk, and a few years later she chose to call her armies into the field, rather than submit to a demand of the French to give up Louis Napoleon, then a fugitive in Geneva.

This position as a neutral power in Europe has made Switzerland the chosen place for many of the important meetings and movements of the world.

Thus, Geneva was chosen as the place to arbitrate the differences between Great Britain and the United States. The same city has been selected for conference to bring about universal peace and substitute arbitration for war.

Switzerland, in 1864, called a convention, participated in by all the powers of Europe, to mitigate the horrors of war and to give neutrality to physicians, nurses and the like, and it was the Swiss flag, with its colors reversed, that was made the badge of the Red Cross society. Geneva, too, was recently chosen as the place of meeting of the International Labor congress, and Berne has just now completed a convention of representative Jews from every portion of the world.

The Swiss people do not protect their neutrality from any narrow motives. They firmly believe that their little republic has a mission on earth, and their leading men and statesmen are pledged in the strongest way to the great work of the humanizing, the liberalizing and the uplifting of the world.

# Uncle Sam's Enormous Task of Redeeming the War Revenue Stamps.

Charles Hallam Keep sat at his desk in Washington the other day with a pile of treasury warrants before him eight inches high. As fast as the colored messenger beside him could pass them off the pile and blot the signatures he appended his signature to them as assistant secretary of the treasury.

"It's the last 5,000 of the 60,000," he said, and then went on to explain that he was signing the treasury warants for the payment of 60,000 claims for unredeemed stamps, which were left in the hands of the people of the United States when the war revenue repeal bill went into effect. As a matter of fact, his was the last act in the process of "cashing in" about 300 tons of valueless paper in the form of blank stamped drafts, stamped checks or stamps in sheets.

The task began eighteen months ago, when congress decreed that the special internal revenue taxes which had been levied because of the extraordinary expenditures incident to the war with Spain should no longer be collected. Congress also provided in the legislation the subject that after three months' notice all stamps, stamped checks, stamped drafts or receipts should be redeemed at the face value of the stamps they bore.

More than fifty temporary employes have been engaged for the last eighteen months in the task of redeeming the stamps which were outstanding when the war revenue repeal bill went into effect. The expense of the process to the government has been in excess of $60,000. Many of the checks had the stamps imprinted upon them under government supervision. Each stamp had to be officially counted and then, under the supervision and inspection of a committee of treasury officials, carried to the furnace and burned, or else canceled. After there had been endorsement after endorsement, and certification after certification to the effect that the stamps had been accounted for, a warrant on the treasury was issued to the person who had forwarded the stamps. No claims were considered under the law which did not amount to $2 or more. Hundreds of claims for amounts less than $2 poured into the treasury department, but were returned to the sender with the information that they could not be paid under the law. Claimants were advised to turn over their small claims to the nearest bank and have the redemption sought by the bank.

### When the Rush Began.

Within three weeks after the war revenue repeal bill was passed, the checks and stamps and stamped paper began to arrive on every train. They came from every state in the Union and from distant Hawaii and Alaska. At first the bundles were piled in the spare room in the stamp division of the treasury department, on the second floor of the building. In a few days the packages began to come by the dry load. They were raised on the freight elevator of the building to the second floor corridor and piled along the wall. With each passing day the piles grew. They rose to the ceiling of the corridor. They spread along the corridor until they passed the entire length of the building on the west side. Then came the supervising architect of the building and shook his head gravely and started a computation. He quickly demonstrated that the stamps and stamped paper in the great marble corridor weighed more than 300 tons. He as quickly decided that the supports of the building were not strong enough to bear the additional weight, and ordered the papers removed. A building was rented a few blocks from the treasury department, and, under the supervision of a bonded employe, the work of counting the stamps and making up the claims was started there. All along the corridor of the Treasury building, which is two blocks long and a block wide, desks were placed and the counters and accountants were put to work, so that they might expedite the forwarding of the money to claimants. All checks and drafts and stamped papers were forwarded to the department at the expense of the claimant. The stamps were destroyed as soon as carefully counted and the claim audited.

### Wonders of the Printing Art.

Some of the checks sent with stamps for redemption were wonders of the printer's art. This was particularly true of checks of individuals and the banks of Boston. The paper was thick and glazed, gilt-edged and tinted, and the blank checks were engraved on steel. They were bound in morocco. There were many other valuable checks which the claimants said cost, without the stamps attached, from 6 to 12 cents each. This was true of the "safety" checks. Some of these were printed on "safety" paper which had a gloss hardly discernable to the naked eye, but which would rub off the moment the surface was slightly scratched and permit ink to spread under the surface in a black, unsightly blotch over a space of two inches in diameter, and show clearly that an attempt had been made to alter the checks. Then there were other forms of safety checks, printed much like a money order, where a certain tearing away of portions of coupons attached showed the value of the checks, and further tearing would reduce the value and could not increase it.

There was still another form of check, elaborately engraved, which contained in its center a glowing sun. The name of the person to whom the check was to be given was to be written in the center. The radiating rays of the central sun could then be arranged by folding and tearing, so that the amount of the check could be shown and never altered. All of these expensive checks were returned to the persons sending them, after the stamps imprinted on them had been pierced by a hole about the size of the end of a lead pencil. These cancellations were intended to render the stamps valueless for redemption purposes, and to make it impossible for the government to be forced to pay for the same stamps more than once. As stamps they have no value except for redemption, as the war revenue law is no longer in effect.

### Millions Paid, More to Follow.

Up to this time there have been 36,399 packages of all sorts and sizes offered at the treasury department, containing 28,000 claims for redemption. The government has refunded thus far, in round numbers, $2,000,000. The bulk of the work has been done. Every stamp or stamped piece of paper must be in the hands of the treasury officials before July 1, 1904, as that is the time limit for redemption set by the law. The largest claim which has been made and paid by the government in connection with the redemption operation was that of the Pullman Car company. That concern spent three months preparing its claims. It employed four men during that period to sort and arrange the thousands and hundreds of thousands of sleeping car seats and berth tickets, all of which bore the stamps which had been paid for by the company, and for which the company wanted its money from the government. The company had perhaps the largest amount of stamped paper on hand of any concern in the United States, as it was necessary to send the tickets to all of its branch offices stamped at the central offices at Chicago and New York. When the repeal went into effect the sale of the stamped tickets and receipts was suspended, and three months' time was necessary to bring these tickets back to Chicago and prepare them for shipment to Washington. When finally assembled they filled thirty-one boxes and weighed in all eight tons. The boxes contained not less than 4,500,000 tickets or receipts, as the Pullman company was given a government warrant in excess of $45,000.

### Task of Counting.

The money was not paid, however, until after every ticket had been counted by the government employes, as the count of the company, in spite of its standing, could not be accepted by the auditor for the government until verified. When all had been counted and the claim adjudicated there was some talk of asking that the tickets be sent back. The government took the position that the expense of canceling the tickets would be too much, unless the company would agree to accept the payment made on account of the tickets counted as final and in full, and would bind itself not to make further claim either as a company or through its agent. As the company has reason to believe that it still has a number of tickets at its distant offices which will be sent in for redemption it would not agree to this, and preferred to see the tickets all burned. This was done by carting them over to the bureau of engraving and printing. There, before the tickets were shoveled into the fires under the boilers, they were weighed, and it was found there were eight tons of them.

These statements as to the redemption of stamps and stamped paper indicate but a small percentage of the real work done by the government in connection with the redemption operations. If proprietary and beer and tobacco stamps be taken into consideration, the value of the redemption reaches at least $25,000,000. There was a rebate on tobacco in packages which resulted in the filing of not less than 40,000 claims and the payment of not less than $4,000,000. These amounts are necessarily approximate, but are conservative. The treasury officials give no figures on individual transactions, as it is held that they have no right to under the law, which protests private corporations and individuals whose private business must be known in part by the treasury officials in connection with the collection of internal taxes.—Washington Times.